

To the Wolves at My Door

Soulfallen

This night I hear the jackals
baying to a desert god
In the dark the growing whispers
have begun tearing scars

The foul breath of Anubis
breathes fire down my back
And the wolves have drawn nearer,
begun coiling - for the coming attack

I yearned to see but my eyes were already crystallized
I yearned to survive but my fears had already materialized

Like serpents this dark entangles,
ties me to the soil
And (even) the strangers in my reflection
have begun to recoil

I yearned to cry but the waters were already crystallized
I yearned to live but my death had already materialized

Now the light no longer blinds me
Your dying gods they cannot bind me
And as I exit this human aisle
I greet my hangmen with a smile

And to the wolves at my door
Prolong this suffering no more
With your fangs come and this strife
And erase my name from the Book of Life